“I Keep Dying”
Koopaboo

I notice when I die
in my subconscious dreams—

I turn invisible in the real world.
I am a ghost.

I lose all my senses
except for sight.

I can't touch,
but hover.

I can't smell,
air absent.

I can't taste,
not hungry.

I can't hear,
just silence.

Yet somehow, I still pick up
the ticking of a clock.

The world feels unfinished,
like a game struggling to render—
pausing on the light source.

The sky is always white
through every window.
If I see blue,
there are no houses.

And in this state,
I am home. Alone.

Anxious,
like I’ve stepped into my own limbo.

Familiarity should mean safety,
but I can't do anything

because I died!

So why am I here?
Am I waiting for someone to come home?

Every time I die,
my family ends up elsewhere,
like we boarded separate flights
to different afterlives.

And I always land in a fake heaven,
lied to over and over—
as if saying it's real
will make it so.

But I know better.

If you have to reassure me it's heaven,
when I don't feel safe,
it probably isn't.

I met a blue angel in my dreams.
I know what that one felt like—
warm, familiar,
like a forever friend
that I never met before.
So loving,
and now always part of my life.

And yet,
I never feel it when I die!